

HOLD UP YOUR HEAD LIKE A MAN.

If the storm winds should rustle
While you tread the world's highway
Still against the weary tides
How and labor day by day.
Falter not, no matter whether
There is sunshine, storm or calm,
And in every kind of weather,
Hold your head up like a man.

If a brother should desert you,
And should act a traitor's part,
Never let his treason grieve you,
For along with lightning heat:
Fortune seldom follows fawning;
Boldness is the only plan,
Hoping for a better dawn,
Hold your head up like a man.

Earth, though 'er so rich and mellow,
Yields not for the worthless drone,
But the bold and honest fellow,
He can shift and stand alone;
Spurn the knave of every nation,
Always do the best you can,
And no matter what your station,
Hold your head up like a man.

THE WIFE'S WAGES.

Barford Court.

"Well, Nettie, what do you want?" said Mr. Jarvis to his wife, who stood looking rather anxiously at him, after he had paid the factory hands their week's wages.

"Why, Donald," said she, "I thought as I had worked for you all the week, I would come for my wages, too. You pay Jane two dollars a week, surely I earn that, and would like very much to have it as my own."

"Pshaw, Nettie, how ridiculous you talk. You know that all I have belongs to you and the children—and do I not furnish the house and everything? What under the sun would you do with the money if you had it?"

"I know, Donald, that you buy the necessities for us all, and I am willing that you should do so still, but I would like a little money of my very own. We have been married for fifteen years, and in all that time I do not seem to have earned a dollar. As far as money is concerned, I might as well be a slave. I cannot buy a quart of berries, nor a book, without asking you for money, and I should like to be a little more independent."

Mr. Jarvis' proprietor of Jarvis' mills, worth thousands and thousands of dollars, laughed derisively.

"You are a fine one to talk of independence," he said. "If you would start out to make your own living you would tetch up in the poor-house soon enough, for what could you do to earn a living? The girls in the factory know how to do their work, and they earn their wages. When I have paid them my duty is done, but I have to board and clothe you, and take care of you when you are sick. If I had to do that for the girls I would have precious little money left, I can tell you."

"Donald, I gave up a good trade when I married you. For five years I had supported myself by it, and many a time since I have envied myself the purse of those days. As for my not earning anything now, I leave it to you to say whether it would be possible to hire another to take my place; and how much you suppose it would cost you to do without me? I know the girls have little after paying their expenses, but they enjoy that little so much. Allie Watson supports herself and her mother with her wages, and they both dress better than I do. Jennie Hart is helping her father pay off the mortgage on his farm, and she is so happy that she can do so. Even Jane, the kitchen girl, has more freedom than I, for out of her own money she is buying presents for her relatives, and will send them Christmas, as much to her own pleasure as theirs. Yesterday an Indian woman was at the house with such handsome beads to sell, and although I wanted none so much, I had not a dollar! I felt like crying when Jane brought in her week's wages and bought half a dozen articles that I wanted so much. You often say that all you have is mine, but five dollars would have given me more pleasure yesterday than your hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property."

"No doubt of that, Mrs. Jarvis. You have no idea of the value of money, and would have enjoyed buying a lot of head trash that would not be worth a cent to anybody. Jane needs a new dress, and she can do so. Even Jane, the kitchen girl, has more freedom than I, for out of her own money she is buying presents for her relatives, and will send them Christmas, as much to her own pleasure as theirs. Yesterday an Indian woman was at the house with such handsome beads to sell, and although I wanted none so much, I had not a dollar! I felt like crying when Jane brought in her week's wages and bought half a dozen articles that I wanted so much. You often say that all you have is mine, but five dollars would have given me more pleasure yesterday than your hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property."

"For same, Donald Jarvis! You know better. Look at Jerry and Milly Cragg, will you, and say that he makes the best use of his money. She is at home with her parents every night, making them comfortable, while he is carousing in the village, wasting his time and money, and making a brute of himself before he comes home. I don't want to see her husband's wages herself? Simply because he can not get by the salary with money in his pocket, and if she did not get the money they they would all go hungry to bed after his wages were paid. And I believe that every woman that earns money here, spends it as wisely as the average man, and I have yet to hear of one of them being in debt."

Mr. Jarvis knew that he could not gainsay a word his wife had said, for they were all true. Luckily he thought of Jane.

"Well, how much do you suppose Jane will have left when New Year comes? If she would get sick how long could she pay for such care as you have?"

"It is not likely she will lay up many dollars out of a hundred a year; but she is laying up something better, I think. Last winter she sent her mother a warm shawl and a pair of shoes, and to her brother and sister, new school books, and the warm, loving letters they send her do her more good than twice the amount of money in the bank would. This year she is laying by a number of useful and pretty things for them, and if any misfortune should happen to Jane they would only be too glad to help her."

"Well, who do you suppose would help you if you needed help?" said Mr. Jarvis, for want of a better question. Mrs. Jarvis' eyes sparkled angrily as she answered.

"Nobody. If you should lose your property today I should be a beggar, without a claim on any one for help. You have always held your purse strings so tightly that it has been hard enough to ask for my own necessities, leaving others out altogether. Many a time a dollar or two would have enabled me to do some poor man or woman untold good, but although you have always said that all your property was mine, I never could and can not now command a dollar of it."

"Lucky you could not, if you wanted to spend it on beggars."

"Donald, you know that I would

spend money as wisely as you do. Who was it that, only last week, gave a poor lame beggar five dollars to pay his way to Burton and then saw him throw his crutches aside and make for the nearest saloon? Your wife could not do worse if trusted with a few dollars. You say that the money is all mine, yet you spend it as you please, while I cannot spend a dollar without asking you for it and telling what I want it for. Any beggar can get it the same! Christmas you bought presents for us and expected us to be thankful for them. A shawl for me of a heavy color! I can not wear, a set of furs for Lucy that she did not need, a drum for Robin that has been a nuisance ever since, and a lot of worthless toys that are broken up in a week. There were forty or fifty dollars of my money just the same as thrown away, yet when I ask you to trust me with two dollars a week you can not imagine what I have for it, and fear it will be wasted. I am sure I could not spend fifty dollars more foolishly if I tried."

"Well," snapped the proprietor, "I guess it is my own money, and I can spend it as I please. I guess you will know it, too, when you get another present."

"Oh, it is your money then, I understood you to say it was all mine, and I would come for it as I please. You are spending it so foolishly. It is your own, of course you have a right to spend it as you please, but it seems to me that a woman who left parents and brothers and sisters, and all her friends, to make a home for you among strangers, a woman who has given up her whole life to you for fifteen years, might be looked upon with as much favor as you give to beggars, who are very likely to be impostors. I know that you seldom turn them off without help. Perhaps I would be more successful if I appealed to you as a beggar. I might say, Kind sir, please allow me out of your abundant means, a small pittance for my comfort. It is true I have enough to eat, and do not for clothing, but, although I work for my master from morning to night, and if his children happen to be sick, from night until morning again; yet he does not pay me as much as he does his cook, and I am often greatly distressed for lack of a trifling sum which he would not mind giving to a perfect stranger. The other day while he was from home, I had to go to the next station to see a dear friend who was ill, and not having a dollar of my own, I was obliged to borrow the money from his cook. I was so mortified! And now since the berry-woman came with such nice berries to sell, and my little girl who was not well, wanted some very badly, but I had not even five cents to pay for a handful for her. Yesterday a friend came to ask me to assist in a work of charity. It was a worthy object, and I longed so much to give her help, but she asked for so good a purpose, but though the wife of a rich man, I had no money. Of course I might ask my husband for money, and if I told him about what I wanted with it, and he approved of my purpose, and was in a good humor, he would give it to me; but, sir, it is terrible slavish to have to do so, even if I could run to him every time I wanted anything. People say I am a fortunate woman, because I am rich; but I often envy the factory girls their ability to earn and spend their own money. And sometimes I get so wild thinking of my helplessness that if it were not for my children I think I would just drop into the river and end all."

"Nettie! Nettie Jarvis! What are you saying?" cried the startled husband at last, for the far-away look in her eyes, as if she did not see him, but was looking to some higher power to help her, touched his pride if it did not his heart, for he had a good deal of pride in a selfish sort of way. He was proud to be able to support his family as well as he did. He was proud that when his children needed new shoes he could tell his wife to take them to Crispin's and get what they needed. He did it with a flourish. He was not one of those stingy fellows who are liked to spend money; and when Nettie, who was once the most sprightly young lady of his acquaintance, came meekly to him for a dress or cloak, he was sometimes tempted to refuse her money, just to show her how helpless she was without him. Yes, he was proud of his family, and wanted them to feel how much they depended upon him. He would have felt aggravated if any one had left his wife a legacy, thus allowing her to be independent in her purse. The idea of her earning money, as other work folks did, never entered his mind. He supported her, that was his idea of their relation. He never had happened to think that it was very good of her to take his money and spend it for the good of himself and children. He never had thought that any other woman would have wanted big pay for doing it. He had even thought that his wife was very good in allowing her money to get things, to make the family comfortable. Things began to look differently to him, just now. Could it be that he was not generous—not even just to his wife? Had he paid her so poorly for her fifteen years of faithful labor for him, that he had been obliged to begin the world for herself, that day, it would have been as a penniless woman, notwithstanding the houses, the lands and mills that he had so often told her were all hers, for he knew, as every one else did, that not one dollar of all he had, would the law allow to be his own.

How fast he thought, standing there, at the office window, looking down at the little houses where the mill hands lived. Could it be possible that his wife envied them anything? Could it be that he was not as good a man as he thought? He had felt deeply the wrongs of the slaves, whose labor had been appropriated by their masters, and when a negro, who had worked twenty years for his master, before the emancipation freed him, came to Jarvis' mills, friendless and penniless, the heart of the proprietor had been with indignation at such injustice. He was eloquent on the subject, at home and abroad, and wondered how any one could be so cruel and selfish as to command such an outrage against justice.

He had called him a robber, many a time, but now, Donald Jarvis looked to himself very much like the old slaveholder! Mass Brown had taken the proceeds of Cuffee's labor for his own, without even a thank you for it. True, when Cuffee ate he had given him food, when he was sick he had given him medicine, and he had clothed him, too, just as he himself thought best. Mr. Jarvis had married a lovely, conscientious woman, and for fifteen years had appropriated her labors. Her recompense had been food and clothes, a little better than Cuffee's perhaps, but the similarity of the case did not please him.

He had expected his wife to be very grateful for what he had done for her, but now he wondered that she had not rebelled long ago. Had his wife been a mistake? Had his wife no more money

or liberty than Cuffee had in bondage? Was Donald Jarvis no better than Mass Brown?

His brain seemed to be in a muddle, and he looked so strangely that his wife, anxious to break the spell, took his arm, saying:

"Let us go home, dear; tea must be waiting for us."

He put on his hat in a dreamy way, and then walked home in silence. The children ran joyously to meet him. The yard was so fresh and green, and the flowers so many and bright, that he wondered he had never thanked Nettie for them all. Hitherto, he had looked upon them as his, but now he felt that his interest in them was only a few dollars, that would not have amounted to anything without his wife's care. His children were tidy and sweet, and everything around and in the house had that cheery look that rested him so after the hard, dull day at the mill. They sat again at the table, which had been a source of comfort and pleasure to him for so many years, and he wondered how he could have enjoyed it so long, without ever thanking the woman who had provided it. True, she had used his money in bringing it all about, but how else could his money be of use to him? Who else could have turned it into just what he needed day after day, for years! And he began to have an undefined feeling that it took more than money to make a home. He glanced at his wife's face, as he buttered his last slice of bread, and he thought that cheery look that rested him so after the hard, dull day at the mill. They sat again at the table, which had been a source of comfort and pleasure to him for so many years, and he wondered how he could have enjoyed it so long, without ever thanking the woman who had provided it. True, she had used his money in bringing it all about, but how else could his money be of use to him? Who else could have turned it into just what he needed day after day, for years! And he began to have an undefined feeling that it took more than money to make a home. He glanced at his wife's face, as he buttered his last slice of bread, and he thought that cheery look that rested him so after the hard, dull day at the mill.

It was not that of the fair, rosy bride whom he had brought to the mills years before, but, at that moment, he realized it was far more dear to him, for he knew that she had given the bloom and freshness of her youth to make his home what it was. His daughters had her rose-leaf cheeks, his sons her youthful vivacity, all had her cheerful winsome ways, and comforted him now, as she had in those days when, hardly knowing what care meant, she had lived for him alone.

A new thought came to him. "Who was comforting her now, when she had so much care? Was not that what he promised to do when he brought her from her old home?"

He sighed as he thought how far he had drifted from her, while in bondage, equal to Cuffee's. Nay, he felt that her claims were far more binding than any which he ever held the Negro, and that his obligations to her were so much the greater.

Something called the children out of doors, and Mr. Jarvis took his easy chair. His wife came and stood beside him.

"I fear you are not well, Donald; are you displeased with me?"

He drew her into his arms and told her how her words had showed him what manner of man he was, and there were words spoken that need not be written but from that day forth a different man was proprietor of the Jarvis mill, and there was a brighter light in Mr. Jarvis' eyes, for at last he had something of her own, for he had regretted that she applied for wages.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH TO-DAY.

BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

March Atlantic.

The truth seems to be that the thoughtful and scholarly divines of the English church, those whose acquirements and mental independence fit them to be critical, are sorely perplexed by their position. For the Church of England is a political institution so interwoven with the structure of English society that, should it be shaken, the whole social fabric would go to ruin. The feeling is prevalent, as I gathered, although I did not hear it explicitly uttered, and it is reasonable, that doing without bishops would be the first step to dispensing with dukes. And what would England be without dukes? An Englishman might lead a godless life; but could he lead a dukeless one? And the dukes themselves and the minor nobles look forward with the gravest apprehension to the time when, church and state being severed, a respect for rank and privilege will be no part of the English religion. For it is not to be concealed that the English church is the church of "gentlemen." It not only teaches the lower classes deference to superiors, but its influence does much to breed that very admirable character, the English gentleman. Its teachings are wholly at variance with the spirit of social democracy. Its very catechism inculcates a content which is opposed to the restless and pushing tendencies of modern times. The catechumen is asked to say, among other things, when asked what is his duty to his neighbor, "My duty to my neighbor is * * * to submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters; to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters; * * * and to learn and labor truly to get mine own living and to do my duty in that state of life to which I have pleased God to call me."

But now it seems to be the accepted duty of every man of English blood, no matter on which side of the great ocean he may be, to get himself out of that state of life, with what speed he may, into a better. The virtue of content is gone, and with it the grace of submission. I remember intimations of this in my boyhood as I repeated those words, and vainly strove to reconcile them with the struggle for advancement which I saw was going on around me, even among the most religious people. And there was the old story in verse which began,—

"Honest John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer."

Honest John Tomkins was held up to me as the model of all the Christian virtues, and yet I saw everybody around me, including my teachers and spiritual pastors and masters, striving by day and by night to be richer. When we consider that discontent is the mother of improvement, whether for the individual or the commonwealth, and that the better of the man who is taught to order himself lowly and reverently to their betters became so because they or their ancestors were not satisfied with that state of life to which he had pleased God to call them, is it not plain that the religion which teaches content is doomed, and with it the whole system of governors

and masters, spiritual and temporal? But it will be a long time before this warfare is accomplished. Not easily nor quickly can a form of society be uprooted which is of such slow and sturdy growth as that of England, and whose roots, like those of some vast British oak, decayed and hollow at the heart it may be, pierce the mould of centuries. There is much in England that is mere shell and seems mere sham; but the shell was shaped from within by living substance, and it hardened into form through the sunshine and the tempests of hundreds of years; so it stands, and will stand long, although not for ever. The very shams and surface show of things in England are strong and stable.

ANECDOTES OF CARLYLE.

Carlyle was married in 1827 to Miss Jennie Welch, a lineal descendant of John Knox. He lived with her for nearly forty years in great harmony, and, being without children, she devoted herself to his literary comfort. She died suddenly, in 1866, when riding in the Regent's Park, London. A pleasant anecdote is told of her. While Leigh Hunt was strolling one morning in the private grounds of Holland House, he was met by Lord John Russell, then one of Queen Victoria's Ministers. In the course of conversation the Minister said that the Queen had been pleased to grant Carlyle a pension of £200 a year, adding, "As you, Mr. Hunt, are a near neighbor of his, it will perhaps be an agreeable task to be the first to announce the compliment to him." Leigh Hunt was soon at Cheyne Row. Mrs. Carlyle was so delighted with the good news that she threw her arms around the messenger's neck, and gave him a good hearty "Scotch Smack," as they call a kiss in the Land of Cakes. The next morning Leigh Hunt sent to Mrs. Carlyle this verse:—

"Jennie kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair we sat in;
Time, you thief, who loves to get
Sweets into your book, put that in:
Say I'm ugly, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jennie kissed me!"

Carlyle's hatred of sham was fearlessly expressed. On one occasion, when a lady of distinction, at whose house the Scotch philosopher was a guest, bewailed the wickedness of the Jews in not receiving Jesus as their Saviour, she finished her diatribe against them by saying: "How different have been his reception had he appeared in our time! How delighted we should all be to throw our doors open to Him, and listen to His divine precepts! Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?" The plain-spoken philosopher, thus appealed to, said, in his broadest Scotch accent: "No, madam, I don't. I think had He come with plenty of money, and good recommendations, and fashionably dressed, and preached doctrines palatable to the higher orders, I might have had the honor to receive from your ladyship a card of invitation on the back of which would be written, 'To meet our Saviour'; but if He had come denouncing those aristocrats, the Pharisees, and associating with the Publicans and Radicals of the day, we should have treated Him now very much as the Jews did then, and cried out, 'Take him to Newgate and hang him.'"

UNCLE ISAAC'S VIEW.

Some of the finest expressions of religious faith, and of its infinite value, have come from the warm hearts that beat under the swarthy bosoms of the African race. When the "Lime-Kiln Club" was called on to state its position towards the atheist's doctrine of no God, the president called on "Uncle Isaac Walpole" to give the sense of the meeting. The white-headed old man, says the *Free Press*, wrinkled, and burdened with the weight of seventy years, rose in his seat, looked about him and quietly began:

"If dar am no God den dar am no fu-chur. When we close our eyes in death de soul dies wid us an' we moulder to dust de same as de brutes. It has bin a long journey for me.

"In my heart am de graves of wife and chill'en. My days have bin cloudy an' full of woe. My nights have bin dark an' full of sorrow. I have bin robbed, cheated, abused an' made to feel my wretchedness, but neber, not eber in my darkest hour, did I doubt dar was a God, nor did I lose faith in Him.

"Take away dat faith to-night—make me believe dat dar am no Heaben—tell me dat I won't meet my poor old Chloë de blessed chill'en up dar 'mong de angels, an' you would crush me down an' break my ole heart.

"Dat's all I fear to be libin fur—to wait de Master's call to close de ledger of life an' go home!

"I am old an' poor an' lowly, but heah in my breast am a feelin' dat I wouldn't sell for all de gold in de world—dat all de arguments of a million ob-men could not change—a feelin' dat poor as I am an' lowly as I am, de grave will not be de las' of me."

During his remarks the hall was as quiet as the grave. When he had finished it was a full minute before any one moved. Then Brother Gardner softly said, "As says Uncle Isaac, so say we all."

A man who takes one drink too many is often denounced as a fool, but nothing is said of a woman who gets three sheets in the wind on wash-day.

A gentleman who was about to marry a beautiful widow of thirty almost quarrelled with her about the church in which they should have the ceremony performed. The lady became somewhat indignant, and said: "I always have been married in the Presbyterian church, and I tell you, I always shall be."

FAIR ULNA OF THE NILE.

Evening Mat.
When 'er the hills of Mokatan
The morning strews its light,
When by the Nile the smiling palm
Waves in the sunbeams bright,
There comes a graceful houri form
Down to the river's side,
As radiant as the golden morn,
That glids the madden sail;
It is my gentle morning star,
The one I long to wed,
Fair Ulna with her water jar
Poised graceful on her head.

And when the hills of Mokatan
Glow 'neath the midday sun,
And when the Nile along its strand
In golden ripples run,
Again I see that houri form
Descend the river's side,
Beauteous as when she was at morn
Reflected in the tide;
Her loving eye beams as a star,
Her lips are rosy red,
Fair Ulna, with her water jar
Poised graceful on her head.

And when the hills of Mokatan
Glow in the evening air,
When rolls along the stream and land
The Muezzin's call to prayer,
Again I see the sylph-like form
Descend the riverglade,
And then my heart with love beats warm
For my fair Chizan maid.

I hail her now, my evening star,
The one I long to wed,
Fair Ulna, with her water jar
Poised graceful on her head;
And when Mahomet calleth me
I'll ask no other prize,
My only houri she shall be
With me in Paradise.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

How Much Pork to a Bushel of Corn.
National Live Stock Journal, Chicago.

Among the questions discussed at the last meeting of the Iowa Stock Breeders' Association, was the oft-mooted one of the number of pounds of pork that may be produced from a given quantity of corn. Mr. Briggs, of Jasper, said it was claimed that one bushel of corn would produce ten pounds of pork; but he claimed that under most circumstances it would not produce five pounds to the bushel, while in other cases 15 to 18 might be produced. Mr. Nichols, of Muscatine, also gave his experience on this question. He had produced as high as twelve pounds of pork from a bushel of corn. Mr. Brown, of Marshall, stated that he had obtained nine pounds of pork to the bushel, and as high as ten when the hogs were on grass. Mr. Lathrop, of Johnson, was of the opinion that in the condensing process more pork could be obtained for a bushel of corn in young hogs than in older ones, and the same would also be the case in cattle. Mr. Hiatt, of Jasper County, was of the opinion that not more than five pounds of pork could be produced from a bushel of corn, and believed in selling corn in preference to feeding it when he could get thirty cents per bushel.

THE HOG IMPROVED TO DEATH.

Under this head F. J. Emery writes to the *Iowa Homestead*: The hog of the former day (say twenty-five years ago) was at once ugly and hardy. The hog of to-day is handsome, helpless, and unbelieve. Among the once hardy hogs, about five per cent. might die of accident and disease. Among the present race of improved (?) hogs, fifty per cent. mortality is nearer than five. A learned State commission has been around, and the summary of their elaborate report is "Prevention is better than cure." Quacks and specifics abound, but hogs are obstinate, and persist in dying.

The hog problem has been, and is, "from a given amount of feed to make the greatest amount of fat, and in the shortest time." In pursuing this idea people have "gone the whole hog," and coming events seem likely to compel a limit to this one idea, and make us look a little to first principles.

A blacksmith's arm is his best development. A letter-carrier's leg, a professor's brain, an alderman's stomach, are severely theirs. By parity of reason the development of the hog, is as the alderman—all toward the stomach and fat. But the comparison is in complete unless we fatten the alderman when he is sixteen, and make a family man of him then. The alderman would "play out" as does the hog and his progeny, and be of no account.

The former hog had more muscle and less fat than the present hog—and more vitality—had fewer diseases, but oh! fatal objection, the feed he eat was often of more value than his flesh.

The present hog fattens, but is seldy healthy. Scarcely any oxygen cohrs his blood red, as formerly, but the sluggish black blood, propelled by a heart smaller than it should be, enable him to live along, with great care, until he is ready for market. His lungs are so delicate that one "dogging" kills him. His liver is discolored and spotted. He has kidney worms. His bones are soft and easily broken. His intestines are full of wind. He has catarrh, cholera, &c. The improved (?) hogs fast degenerating—and what next?

If this article on hogs has not much truth, it is too long already; but if it has a good deal of truth, then I may come day say a little more on hogs (four readers wish).

The Most Prolific Currant.
Germanowa Telegram.
A correspondent inquires for the best currant to plant for profit, and he says that he has been advised to set out the Versailleise. We should be glad to know whether this is the general experience, or whether it is to be confined to this single instance. This variety of currant has been before the American people for twenty years, as well as the Cherry currant, and yet we do not find it grown anywhere that we know of to any great extent for its fruit. The Red Dutch is yet the currant in almost universal use by market-men—the oldest of all—and yet it stands its ground. It may be said that it takes some time for the merits of a new kind to become well-known, and therefore it is no argument against its value that it is not found yet in common use in market-gardens. But market men do not usually show such backwardness in taking hold of really good things. They were not long in dropping the many seedling strawberries, the old red raspberries, and many other things when they thought they had something better; it is not their way to hang back when a really good thing is brought before them. The Versailleise and the Cherry currants have been persistently advertised, and whatever of merit they have has been continually kept before the public in books and periodicals.

The fruit of both these two varieties is larger than the Red Dutch; and this we take to be the only advantage they have. The Cherry is a very sour variety, and it would have been far more characteristic of its qualities if it had been compared with a sour cherry, instead of the simple cherry on the whole. Though the berries are large, the bush does not produce the same weight of fruit as a bush of the Red Dutch will. The Versailleise has a longer bunch than the Cherry, and the fruit is rather more acid and perhaps a trifle larger than the Red Dutch, but the flavor is not quite as "curranty," and it will not produce the same weight of fruit. Hence, until we can discover a better variety than the old Red Dutch, we shall stick to that.

Split Hoof in Horses.
A writer in the *Western Rural* uses common carpenter's screws to bring together the parts of a split hoof, so that they will not work or move by the action of the horse in travelling, and gives explicit directions for properly performing the operation, to which directions we would like to add, that the process, while not necessarily difficult or dangerous, is yet attended with risk, and should not be attempted by any but an extremely careful person, well skilled in the use of tools. His directions are as follows:—

"Cut a seat for screw head about three-quarters of an inch from the hair and back from the split about one-quarter or three-eighths of an inch. Cut till it appears soft. Sometimes the blood starts a little. Now bore through, across the crack, with a good gimlet, so as to strike the opposite wall of hoof as near surface as you can and not have the point of screw show, put in a sim inch screw and draw the walls together. Be careful not to split or injure the screw, for you can't get it out. Now if the split is far enough down to admit of it, cut in a similar manner another seat for screw head immediately below, and put in a somewhat larger screw, as the wall is thicker below. Don't use a bit, for the horse is liable to stamp and break it. Use a gimlet, and when the horse moves let go the gimlet and no harm is done. If the horse is too restive, have his opposite foot held up. After screws have been in a day or two, you can give them one or two more turns and then they will remain tight. A neighbor of mine, nearly thirty years ago, bought a horse that had been foundered, and the walls of his hoofs were thick and one was cracked from top to bottom. They kept a clasp on it, but when the clasp got loose it would work and bleed; then screws were put in as I have endeavored to describe—three two-inch large wood screws—and when the hoof grew off all was sound and remained so. I have wished a long time to give this remedy to the public. Have tried it successfully on six or eight of my own horses and on my neighbors' horses, and never failed. Remember that the wall of the hoof is thick enough to admit of a screw, and if the hoof does not work it won't crack any more."

The Mysteries of Bee-Keeping.
Cor. Worcester Spy.
How many ever had the pleasure of seeing the queen of the hive? Who can tell her among a dozen drones? Who could tell a black bee from an Italian or Cyprian, or sealed brood from sealed honey, or bee bread from propolis, or tell where to find royal jelly? Who knows that the workers only live about forty working days, and the queen several years? Who knows that the queen may lay eggs, before she has met the drone, that will hatch and produce drones, but her eggs will never produce workers unless she has been fertilized, and when once fertile may continue to lay for years? These questions, and a hundred others equally interesting, are all easily demonstrated by those who have availed themselves of the advanced system of bee-keeping practiced by intelligent bee-keepers of the day. Probably bee culture has made as rapid march of improvement during the past five years as any branch of agricultural pursuit. During the present season the same care and expense has been employed in selecting and importing bees from Italy, the island of Cyprus, and the Holy Land, as has been employed in the perfection of our various breeds of horses and cattle. Although we do not have the bee pasturage in New England that is found in the baswood and wild flowers of the West, still, many bees are kept here with profit, even in the old box-hive; how much more, then, might be expected with the new appliances of frame hives, comb foundation, the prize section box, the exosoter and smoker. With the aid of a little smoke an expert will open his hives and remove the brood, bees or honey, show you his choice queens, and discourse on their fine points with as much accuracy as the best horse trainers or herdsmen. On holding up a frame of brood he may say, "You see this queen is laying, for

here are eggs less than twenty-four hours old. See what a prolific queen she is; how she packs in the eggs; does not miss a cell," or, "I do not like this queen; she lays too many drone eggs; I will kill her and put in another." You ask, "How can you prove that workers only live thirty or forty days of labor, but live all winter without labor?" He will say, "If I remove the queen from this black colony and replace her with an Italian queen, who begins to lay immediately, in twenty-one days her eggs will begin to hatch, the black bees will continue to die till they are all replaced with the Italians, and we note the day when the last fly dies." "Do all bees sting?" "No, the drones are as harmless as flies. Queens will not sting you, though they will bite and will sting a rival to death in five minutes after being hatched. The workers, which are the only ones to be feared at all, can usually be subdued by blowing smoke made from punk among them."

Russian Exiles.
London Standard.
On his arrival the prisoner is driven straight to the police ward, where he is inspected by the ispravnik, a police officer who is absolute lord and master of the district. This representative of the Government requires of him to answer the following questions: His name? How old? Married or single? Where from? Address of parents, or relations, or friends? Answers to all or which are entered in the books. A solemn written promise is then exacted of him that he will not give lessons of any kind, or try to teach any one; that every letter he writes will go through the ispravnik's hands, and that he will follow no occupation except shoemaking, carpentering, or field labor. He is told he is free, but at the same time he is solemnly warned that should he attempt to pass the limits of the town he shall be shot down like a dog rather than be allowed to escape, and should he be taken alive, shall be sent off to Eastern Siberia without further formality than that of the ispravnik's personal order.

The poor fellow takes up his little bundle, and, fully realizing that he has now bidden farewell to the culture and material comfort of his past life, he walks out into the cheerless street. A group of exiles, all pale and emaciated, are there to greet him, take him to some of their miserable lodgings, and feverishly demand "news from home. The new-comer gazes on them as one in a dream; some are melancholy mad, others nervously irritable, and the remainder have evidently tried to find solace in drink. They live in communities of two and threes, have food, a scanty provision of clothes, money, and books in common, and consider it their sacred duty to help each other in every emergency, without any distinction of sex, rank or age. The noble by birth get sixteen shillings a month from the Government for their maintenance, and commoners only ten, although many of them are married, and sent into exile with young families. Daily a gendarme visits their lodgings, inspects the premises when and how he pleases, and now and then makes some mysterious entry in his note-book. Should any of their number carry a warm dinner, a pair of newly-mended boots or a change of linen to some passing exile lodged for the moment in the public yard, it is just as likely as not marked against him as a crime. It is a crime to come and see a friend off, or accompany him a little on the way. In fact, should the ispravnik feel out of sorts—the effect of cards or drink—he vents his bad temper on the exiles; and, as cards and drink are the favorite amusements in those dreary regions, crimes are marked down against the exiles in astonishing numbers, and a report of them sent regularly to the Governor of the province.

Winter lasts eight months, a period during which the surrounding country presents the appearance of a noiseless, lifeless, frozen marsh—no roads, no communication with the outer world, no means of escape. In course of time almost every individual exile is attacked by nervous convulsions, followed by prolonged apathy and prostration. They begin to quarrel, and even to hate each other. Some of them contrive to forge false passports, and by a miracle, as it were, make their escape, but the great majority of these victims of the third section either go mad, commit suicide, or die of delirium tremens. Their history, when the time comes for it to be studied and published, will disclose a terrible tale of human suffering, and administered evils and shortcomings not likely to find their equivalent in the contemporary history of any other European state.

A Boy To The Chief Command.
Temple Bar.
When General Bonaparte first came among us we were terrified with the Dictatorate for having sent a boy to command us. "It should be remembered that at this time Napoleon was only twenty-six years of age." He was a short, awkward-looking, thin youth, and the Army was seriously discontented with having such a boy placed in the chief command, while Generals like Angereau and Massena were placed